THE CRISIS

35 #9

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THE CRISIS

A Record of the Darker Races

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, *Editor* — Pierce McN. Thompson, *Business Manager*

Volume 35, No. 9 Contents for September, 1928 *Whole No. 215*

Our October Number is Children's Number. We want interesting pictures of children. We cannot promise to publish all that we receive and in no case can pictures be returned if they are used. Our study of Southern Disfranchisement will be continued and there will be other interesting features, including a biography of the late Bishop Delaney.

As the Crow Flies

TO your tents, Oh Israel!—The campaign is on and the technique is simple. Align and mobilize all the old prejudices.—In the South where there is some slight danger that intelligent and conscientious white people may bolt the Democratic machine, we learn that "white supremacy is in danger".—We understand that Reconstruction after the Civil War was a horrible experience and that the Negro was responsible therefor.—To your tents, Oh Israel!—In the West, there is some slight danger that conscientious and intelligent people will want to punish the Republicans for neglecting the interests of the farmers.—Let the one hundred per cent Americans in Iowa, Indiana, Dakota and that region beware of liquor and the Pope of Rome; look out for the immigrant and the foreigner; vote for John Brown, New England and abolition.—To your tents, Oh Israel!—Among Negroes there is a slight, a very slight, danger that Negroes may resent the Lily White policy of Herbert Hoover; in which case, let them beware of the "Jim Crow" South. Let them remember the Democratic Convention and the Houston riot and lynching. Let them not forget the Asheville Conference. Let them remember slavery and disfranchisement.—By the time all of these things are remembered, we shall have an edifying spectacle! Three gentlemen, two white and one colored, all dressed up and nowhere to go.—They are, respectively, the intelligent Southern white man, the intelligent Western farmer and the intelligent black American. If they should all unite, they could carry the election; but they will not unite. With all their intelligence, they have not enough intelligence for that.—Well, we have got our International Peace Treaty. All the chief fighters of the world are signing it gayly. This treaty, as signed by the United States, France, England, Germany, Japan and others, announces that none of these nations in the future will fight unless they want to. This is a step in the right direction. Often in the past, nations have fought when they didn't want to.—The grief in the United States over the assassination of Obregon is tempered by the fear that this, after all, may not throw Mexico into such confusion that the National City Bank can interfere. Of course, there is still hope.—The battle of Italy and Russia at the North Pole seems to have put the Facisti at a distinct disadvantage as compared with the Soviets.—And China too is again disappointing the white folks. Why can't it keep on fighting instead of settling down under a Nationalist government and bringing up that tiresome question of treaties?—Coolidge has explained the Civil War and slavery. It was nobody's fault. It was just "inevitable". What a comforting thought for fools and cowards today.—When a champion boxing pug retires with a million what is more fitting than a course in philosophy at the Sorbonne?—England prepares for a general election with socialists and aristocrats locking horns on unemployment in England. Meantime India and the colonies may go hang.

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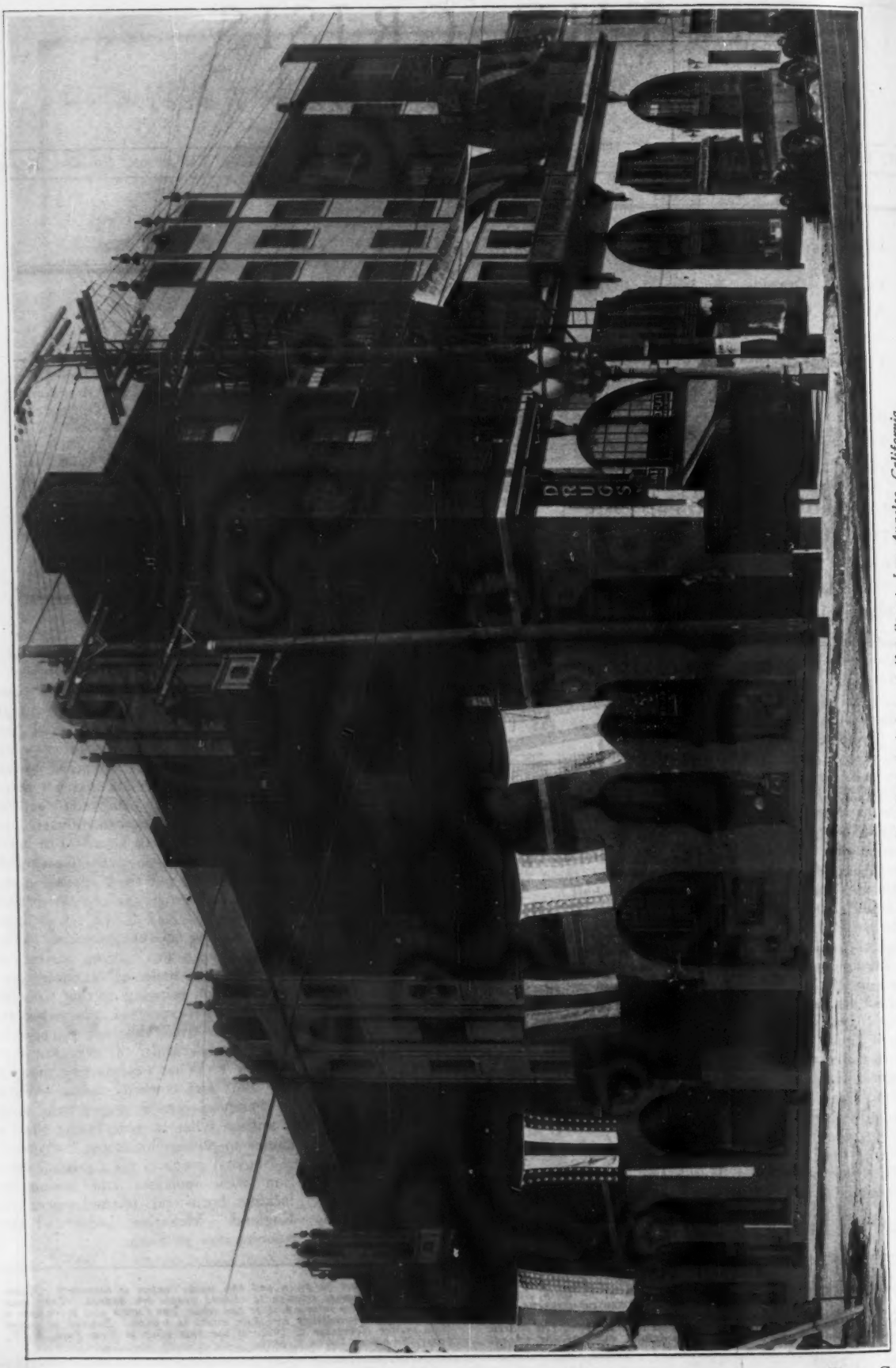

Hotel Somerville, Central Avenue at 41st Street, Los Angeles, California

The Possibility of Democracy in America

By W. E. BURGHARDT DuBOIS

This article was originally prepared for the Stock-Taking and Fact-Finding Conference which met in Durham, North Carolina, in December, 1927. *With some additions and revisions it was delivered again before the opening meeting of the* 19*th Annual N. A. A. C. P. Conference at Los Angeles in June,* 1928. *It appears in print for the first time and will be published in two parts.*

IN the presidential campaign just beginning one question transcends all others. This question which transcends, in its importance and immediacy, the questions of farm relief, flood control, national control of superpower, liquor and the tariff, is the question as to how far the policies of this government are going to be controlled by the vote of its citizens.

In other words, we cannot take up the various pressing questions confronting us until we settle this matter of ultimate democratic control. Despite tradition and assumption, this question is not settled. The proportion of actual voters among the voting population of the United States is between twenty-five and thirty-three per cent out of sixty million citizens twenty-one years of age and over.

The loss of interest in voting or the prevention by various means and methods of allowing citizens to exercise the right to vote, is a national phenomenon. Nowhere in the United States is there a voting population of seventy per cent of those qualified as in Eastern Canada, or seventy to eighty per cent as in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Switzerland. We do not even reach the sixty-four per cent of Italy and South America and, of course, the eighty or ninety per cent of Australia is apparently beyond our dreams.

OR, to put it another way; in 1920 we had both a presidential election and a decennial census; so that for the first time in twenty years we knew the population at the time of an election. In that election, the following percentage of citizens twenty-one years of age and over did *not* vote in the several states:

	Per Cent		Per Cent
South Carolina	92	Wyoming	46
Mississippi	91	Nebraska	46
Georgia	89	Michigan	45
Louisiana	86	South Dakota	44
Texas	82	New York	44
Virginia	81	Colorado	44
Arkansas	79	Kansas	43
Alabama	79	Connecticut	43
Florida	72	Rhode Island	42
Tennessee	65	New Jersey	41
Pennsylvania	58	West Virginia	39
North Carolina	56	Idaho	39
Vermont	55	Montana	39
Maine	53	New Mexico	38
Arizona	53	Nevada	38
California	52	Ohio	38
Oklahoma	52	Iowa	35
Illinois	50	New Hampshire	33
Minnesota	49	Missouri	33
Maryland	48	Utah	30
Washington	48	North Dakota	30
Wisconsin	48	Kentucky	29
Oregon	48	Indiana	26
Massachusetts	47	Delaware	25

The largest percentage of voluntary and involuntary disfranchisement is in the South; but it is not confined to the South. Over one-half the adults of Pennsylvania, Vermont, Maine and California stayed from the poles and nearly one-half the voting population of Illinois, Minnesota, Washington, Wisconsin, Oregon, Massachusetts, Wyoming, Nebraska and Michigan. In only one state in the United States did three-fourths of the voters go to the poles and in only eight states did two-thirds go.

This is a serious thing. The theory of democracy does not call for equality of gift, universal college education or absolute individual integrity; but it does depend upon the widest possible consultation with the mass of citizens on the theory that only in this way can you consult ultimate authority and ultimate sovereignty. This theory may be wrong. Possibly the United States is ready to adopt a restricted ballot and base sovereignty upon an electorate limited by education, occupation, ability, birth, wealth, race, or some combination of these factors. Possibly we are ready for Italian syndicalistic oligarchy or Spanish dictatorship. But if this is true we must face the change frankly and adopt it logically. We must not drift further as we are doing. For a generation the possibility of any rational consultation of the public will in this country has been fading.

TODAY, the difference in the relative political power of the various states and groups of states is so enormous in the United States that no American has any right to sneer at Old Sarum or at the conditions that brought the first English Reform Bill. This can be illustrated by a table which shows the number of votes cast in the various states for the election of each of that state's representatives in Congress:

The stranger from Mars looking at this table would immediately ask: "Why is it that the citizens from South Carolina should have eleven times as much political power as the citizens of New Mexico?" Or: "How can a voter in Massachusetts have fifty per cent more power than the voter in Indiana?"

1920

South Carolina	9,449	Idaho	67,471
Mississippi	10,312	North Carolina	68,592
Georgia	12,394	Maryland	71,211
Louisiana	15,733	Kansas	71,278
Texas	22,973	Connecticut	72,802
Virginia	23,100	Utah	72,914
Alabama	24,107	Colorado	73,013
Arkansas	25,801	Minnesota	73,584
Nevada	27,194	New Jersey	75,333
Florida	36,706	Oregon	76,174
Tennessee	42,863	Illinois	77,425
Vermont	44,965	Washington	78,720
Maine	49,383	New Hampshire	79,372
Pennsylvania	51,380	Michigan	70,406
North Carolina	53,874	Iowa	81,281
Rhode Island	55,795	Missouri	83,165
Wyoming	56,199	Kentucky	83,519
South Dakota	60,373	West Virginia	84,990
Oklahoma	60,572	California	85,759
Massachusetts	62,507	Montana	89,502
Wisconsin	63,753	Ohio	91,795
Nebraska	63,776	Delaware	94,756
Arizona	66,687	Indiana	97,108
New York	67,338	New Mexico	105,131

If we group the states geographically we find that in 1920 the Pacific and Northwestern States cast 1,945,504 votes for 24 representatives in Congress, or 81,067 votes per congressman. The Middle West States cast 10,088,606 votes for 127 represenatives, or 79,439 votes per representative. The Border States cast 4,194,509 votes for 58 representatives, or 72,319 votes per representative. The Southwest States cast 636,893 votes for 9 representatives, or 70,766 votes per representative. The Middle Atlantic States cast 5,649,216 votes for 91 representatives or 61,079 votes per representative. The New England States cast 967,711 votes for 32 representatives, or 61,492 votes per representative. Contrast this with the South, which cast only 2,175,007 votes and yet with them elected 94 representatives, or only 23,138 votes per representative.

Or put it another way, a million voters elect:

On the Pacific Coast—12 Congressmen.

In the Middle West—13 Congressmen.

In New England—16 Congressmen.

In the South—45 Congressmen.

NEW England has an enormous advantage over the Northwest and considerable over the Middle West, while the political advantage of the South is so extraordinary as to force consideration of its peculiar situation.

When one gets thus far in the argument, there arises in the mind of the average American reader the fact that the whole argument involves, at least

in large part, the South; and brings back the almost forgotten question of Negro suffrage. This is true; but the object of this paper is to impress the fact that the question at issue is much larger than this and that no matter what the discussion involves, it must be discussed, or else democratic government in the United States is impossible.

Senator Swanson of Virginia has just said in the Senate:

"The South has exercised her constitutional rights to eliminate a class of ignorant, shiftless and corrupt voters." Other states like Massachusetts have disfranchised the illiterate and, of course, the un-naturalized foreigners.

There is no doubt that any modern democratic community faced by a large amount of ignorance, unusual poverty and political corruption must in some way defend itself. In the defense which the South attempted to make against ignorance, poverty and corruption, she had the moral support of the majority of citizens of the United States. But it is over a half century since the 15th Amendment was proclaimed and a full generation since the new Southern disfranchisement was begun. At that time to disfranchise the poor and ignorant automatically excluded the great mass of the black men from the ballot. Today, a large number is still poor and illiterate. But today it is also true that large numbers of black men are disfranchised not because of ignorance or thriftlessness but simply and frankly because they are black. A critical time of consideration is approaching. Any day a case like the Texas primary may appear in the Supreme Court which will gravely challenge present methods and it is doubtful if any mere appeal to mob law against any such decision will be tolerated even in the South. Surely then the time has come for a careful, dispassionate consideration—not so much of the political condition of the South as of the effect which the political legislation of the South from 1890 to 1909 has had upon the politics of the nation.

FIRST and foremost, it is necessary for the nation to ask the Southern States what it is they wish today to disfranchise—race or condition? If the first is what they propose, that is illegal and can only be done by constitutional amendment. There may be reasons which appeal to Americans why disfranchisement by race is desirable. If so, such a campaign should be inaugurated.

There has been a demand for this from a few persons North and South. But the reason that such a campaign has not been seriously suggested, is, of course, clear: the nation would logically demand first and foremost that if Negroes as such, are legally excluded from the right of suffrage, they should not be counted as a basis of representation either in Congress or the state legislatures. In the founding of the American republic, New England demanded that representation in Congress be based on the free population. Its stand was logically impregnable, and the only real, albeit unspoken argument that led to compromise, was the feeling that eventually the slave population was going to disappear, either by emancipation into freedom or by deportation. Until this time, slaves were to count two-fifths of the white population in determining representation.

With the 13th Amendment, Negroes, although still economically enslaved, counted as five-fifths. With the new disfranchising laws, they still count just as fully as the white population. But this again was permitted on the tacit assumption that these laws were temporary in their application—that when the freedmen learned to read and write, accumulated property and established a modern, cultural life, they would be allowed to vote on the same terms as other Americans. Not only was this a former assumption of the North,—it was the plain statement and repeated promise of the South.

IT is, then, but reasonable that if the South wishes now to change the constitution and laws of the United States and make it possible to exclude men from voting on account of race and color—that the test of its sincerity is its willingness in that case not to count the colored population as a basis for representation.

If on the other hand the South merely wishes to get rid of an electorate too ignorant, too poverty stricken and corrupt to vote honestly, it has already a multiplicity of laws on the subject. But laws of this sort ought so to be drawn and administered as to encourage education and thrift and honesty and their proper test is the gradual disappearance of illiteracy and the gradual enfranchisement of Negroes, otherwise, they are ineffective and dangerous.

As a matter of fact, just whom does the South disfranchise? It is difficult to get an official record of voting in the United States and especially difficult in the South with regard to the voting of Negroes.

In Louisiana the state furnishes a fairly accurate official record. In the election for President in 1924, there were 274,592 white persons registered and 980 Negroes. The white population of the state in 1920 was 1,096,611; the Negro population was 700,257. Of these, 564,933 whites were 21 years of age and over, and 359,251 Negroes. Of the adult Negroes 229,980 were reported as illiterate. This leaves 129,271 who can read and write. The statistics of illiteracy are inaccurate. Still, it would seem reasonable to suppose that at least 100,000 Louisiana Negroes were men of average intelligence, able to read and write. Nearly eighty percent of the Negro population, 10 years of age and over, is engaged in gainful occupations, and includes 164,109 farmers, 52,687 in manufacturing and mechanical industries, 21,802 working in transportation, 6,700 engaged in trade, 1,983 in the public service, 3,385 in professional service, 1,308 clerks and 54,370 servants. Moreover, among the Negroes there were more than 10,000 persons who owned their farms, and in addition to these farmers, 28,906 Negroes owned their homes. The total property owned by Negroes of Louisiana is not actually known but judging from Georgia, Virginia and North Carolina, where records are kept, it cannot be less than $75,000,000.

YET out of all these people, only 980 were allowed to register and vote and the number of Negro registered voters has decreased almost by half in the last 16 years, as there were 1,743 registered in 1908. Manifestly Louisiana is disfranchising mainly by race and not simply for illiteracy or shiftlessness.

In Alabama, there were reported 269,847 Negroes 21 years of age and over who could read and write in 1920. Careful inquiry shows that "there are not more than 3,500 Negroes voting in the state of Alabama and less than 1,000 in the city of Birmingham".

In Macon County, for instance, where Tuskegee Institute is situated, there are 4,927 Negroes 21 years of age and over who can read and write, and of these 22 are registered voters.

In Montgomery County, containing the capital of the state, out of 13,973 literate Negroes, 21 years of age and over, 41 are registered.

In Mobile County, out of 17,375 literate Negroes 21 years of age and over, 958 are registered.

In the city of Birmingham, among the most progressive of the industrialized Negro group, out of 33,655 Negroes 21 years of age and over, who can read and write, less than 1,000 are registered voters.

IN Mississippi, according to a careful inquiry made in 1927, there are at present 850 Negroes registered, out

(*Will you please turn to page* 314)

No White Woman

A Story

By A. L. SHANDS

WHEN Richard Cutney had bought the Parmley place Tom had been among the "appurtenances thereof". With a passive dignity strange in a Negro under thirty, he had greeted his new master and his young wife. Cutney, forty, a country editor for years with a propensity for chivalrous and humanitarian verse, had played with lines for a more splendid "Man with the Hoe" ever since his first view of Tom. The tall broad muscular body of the Negro, tapering into a small compact black skull whose covering of hair seemed, at a distance, carved out of the same hard material; the grace of the man in motion or in repose; his delight in sounds, colors, textures; above all, his animal, intelligent, comprehending eyes. All these made Cutney feel his own pallor more, ashamed of his face that showed red blotches and smarted after shaving, conscious of his preposterous body as it idled comically in the bath-tub. But he was humanitarian and did not hold the contrast against the man; quite apart from petty afflictions of the nose and throat and skin, there was the manifest Caucasian superiority of mind. Between tedious reports of county board proceedings, long lists of personals, innocuous editorials on the weather and such matters, initialled poems on woman—spring—faith—hope—or charity, the pale Cutney found time to develop a new theory of the sundering of the species wherein the superman, carrying a colossal head upon a puny body equipped with spindly legs, directed from his perch a swarm of toiling Hercules. After which comforting vision, the editor might take his pill to counteract the hyperacidity of his stomach.

BUT Cutney did not always build defenses. His was too kindly a nature. There were glamorous southern nights, heavy with the smell of earth and growing things yet febrile with staccato insect noises, when the editor and Marion, his wife, sat on the veranda and listened with pleasure to the singing of the Negro. Tom sat on the back steps, his throat in a mellow, husky, restless activity. The colored maid, Genevieve, leaned in the doorway, sometimes adding a shrill accompaniment off-key. The night was a warm and glowing spray, slowly penetrating to the deeply hidden disquietudes of the soul. Her face a glistening black, Genevieve held large knotted hands to her swelling breasts. On the front porch the slender Marion's tongue moistened her lips, while one clammy palm nursed a tightening fist. Cutney puffed on a long thin black cigar. His tongue fondled the prettiness of a worn-out poesy. Tom's body leaned forward, while his hands played idly but rhythmically with a piece of string. His eyes now gazed gently on the bits of glass that studded a velvet sky, and then on the blue of the stirring earth. Four bodies gathered here had somehow lost their workaday habiliments. Tom, only, wore his nakedness with candor, without the squeamishess that expressed itself in involuntary stirrings, in words that carelessly glossed over a troubling murmur.

Cutney considered his wife, hastily telescoping an uninteresting chronology to its immediate cross-section. Her twenty-five years of careful breeding and their successful efflorescence in marriage occupied him for a moment; they were proper. And, now, this enraptured bit of color needed placing in that scheme: her moist, excited absorption in Tom's singing as its words slurred and circled faintly around the house into a drowsy insignificance. That, too, was as it should be. "Woman and song". His mind doted on such correlatives, although this particular pair he squeezed of its bawdy juices and hung upon his poetic line to dry. Cutney—it is a clue to the date of his chivalric attitude—never, in his distorted Neitzscheanism, contemplated the possibility of the large-headed, spindle-legged female. Probably his Darwinism was as weak as his metric structures. Anyhow, his philosophy dealt with a reproduction of kind only in a foot-note, carefully edited. A celibacy of forty years had quite slaked him of youthful obsessions on that subject. Now, he was married two whole years and had not been shocked either into disgust or discovery.

IN the spell of certain sounds Marion would clutch his hand, fold and unfold his fingers. She would catch her breath, audibly, during a melancholy baying at the moon. These reactions were explicable to Cutney on the grounds that she was a woman and that she was young. He could not compare her with the moon-struck Genevieve, who, though young and a woman, had not that civilized appreciation for the cool maturity that was his main pride and asset. No, appreciation was not the word—for Genevieve, robust and sweating, had often stammered questions for his wisdom to unravel. The point was that Marion loved him for that same worldly ("old world", he called it) tolerance and air. Genevieve had large bewildered eyes—and a squat figure that never found repose in an acutely angular universe. Yet she had, too, a mind (Cutney had alleged), a child's mind that wanted to know why. The master, who was a benevolent despot without the will or strength of tyranny, loaned her books which she invariably left unread, and even was inclined to chide her, with a bespectacled and kindly humor, for loving Tom who showed no intellectual curiosity. Cutney had never understood her defense that Tom really knew.

"He answers my questions—but he don' talk," she had said.

Cutney had repeated that crypticism, which he considered a choice morsel of illiteracy, to Marion. She mused for a while, and then nodded in a slow affirmative:

"She loves him."

Which proved, for the *nth* time to Cutney, that love was blind and women were funny. In his poems he called one divine and the other enigmatic.

A SMALL town is a better place than a city for the almost histological study of character. Even gossip may be charitably construed as erroneously focussed microscopic glimpses of sections of a man's character. In a household, especially one that is fairly isolated because of the asocial instincts of its master, the opportunities for such study become pressing necessities. Even the dullest mind will be goaded into habits of close scrutiny and even generalization by repeated contacts with inexplicable and somehow tantalizing specimens of humanity. Perhaps Cutney thought too much about Tom and his significance, thought of the matter to the point of morbidity. (But not beyond because the editor was sane, within non-Freudian limits.) How could he help it? The self-possession of the Negro was gigantic. He did not shamble, he did not bow, he did not flunky. Of course, Cutney was democratic; but here there was no opportunity for the assertion of such an attitude. The man, in fact—and here was the rub—towered over

his master. He was called in to make repairs at which Cutney was so inept. He stood, smiling and bareheaded, in the hot sun, while Cutney squirmed and wilted. He accepted rain and storm, and every kind of weather, with equal and untarnished equanimity, while each brought new and ever-unsolved problems to his master. He spoke little and his face was calm; yet no malicious stretching of the imagination could label him an imbecile. Nor was he apathetic. He trimmed lawns and hedges with an eye for beauty; he re-painted the house more than adequately. He held warm, busy little chicks in the palm of his hand and showed delight. Once Cutney had found him running the shining patent leather of a new pair of pearl-buttoned shoes against his cheek. The editor's scarcely veiled contempt was inapropos; and the editor felt without admitting it.

THE unhealthy verdigris of his twisted envy became somehow classified with his dyspeptic symptoms. But it got less sympathy. There, for instance, was the annoying and idoitic adulation that sweated from every pore of the awkward Genevieve. No doubt she cooked choice foods for Tom. Their silence for hours in the back of the house augmented Cutney's bitterness. That sort of thing couldn't go on in his house—but what to do, what to say, without being ridiculous? He thought of irate and door-swinging exposures of the sinning pair—but the possible silliness of thus exposing a romantic innocence restrained him. And then there was his wife, who—he knew—knew not of such irregularities.

One Sunday his after-dinner stroll brought him to the bank of a quietly meandering stream and, in it, moving lazily and silently like a great black fish, was Tom. The hackneyed poetic allusions that such a stroll always stimulated suddenly lost all their flavor, point and piquancy. He watched long glistening arms cut the water noiselessly, rhythmically. Tom's eyes were closed; the languid curvings of his form were like movements in some studied ritual. The alternate shine of his body as it appeared above the surface and the dark blot it made below were the light and shade, the rise and fall of the curious ceremony . . . Tom dragged his body to the opposite bank and walked about—a polished giant with his compact head held high. He stretched his arms in a gesture of embrace; and, finally, lay naked, gleaming wet, upon the grass. Cutney's walk was spoiled; his middle-aged lyricism soured. Oh, he supposed, there was physical love, it being nature's method and all that. Really, Genevieve and Tom ought to marry. Cutney would have no objection so long as they both stayed. He saw himself giving counsel to the wedded pair; he saw Tom's cool, intelligent, devastating eyes—oh, damn the man!

A corner of his mind was conscious of the absurdity of his situation: always seeking to pick flaws in a young Negro. That consciousness kept him from finding an outlet for his dissatisfaction in his wife who was usually so excellent a listener. The necessity for justification grew upon him, so that his editorials soon showed an incipient new animus.

ONE night that it rained Cutney congratulated himself on his silence. It became plain that Marion admired the Negro, enjoyed the elemental quality of his singing much. She had invited Tom that night into the sitting-room—to sing. Astonished, Cutney had acquiesced in her request to do this. He was not sorry—for, somehow, he triumphed over the tenseness that grew with the evening. Between songs Tom's eyes, seeking rest, had flitted from every daintiness to every rigidity of the room's furnishings until they grew confused. Marion began to flush with sympathy for the man's agony. And Cutney sat, smiling gently, stroking his chin like a wise patriarch. In this room and on this occasion his superior dignity was manifest. In his elation he, mentally, drew away and left the Negro and his wife together and alone. . . . It was Cutney who finally proposed adjournment; Marion led Tom to the door—too quickly for Cutney who had primed himself for the delivery of an ambiguous congratulation to Tom. His thoughts were pleasant, however, and he treasured them for use in a contemplated article on "Aspects of Negro Music". His technical ignorance did not trouble him. While working on a first and very unsatisfactory draft the irrelevant memory came to him that Tom had been wearing an old shirt of his own that night. That collar must have been tight. The editor felt his throat for a moment and thought of the word "delicacy" which later he incorporated into his essay in a disparaging comment on his subject.

Before leaving for the three-day convention of country editors and publishers in Washington, Cutney broached the matter of her future to Genevieve. He achieved a feeling of gentle exaltation as he passed platitudinous judgments on life and love and relevant topics. He spoke with feeling on the disadvantages of "keeping company" too long.

"I'd marry Tom any day," Genevieve said. "Only he ain't ready yet."

She was sad, and her eyes rolled in a sudden upheaval of melancholy.

"You might speak to Tom," she suggested hesitantly.

CUTNEY promised but postponed execution until his return from the convention. Instead, he spoke to his wife. She urged him, with fervor, to keep out of the affair.

"Anyhow, I think he's too good for her," she said.

Cutney protested, adducing the maid's domesticity, stolidity. Marion, pressed for reasons, could only stammer finally: "Well, I don't care one way or the other."

Thus the matter rested. Cutney proceeded to Washington where he swelled up agreeably before declamations on his duty to the nation and the nation's dependence on him. He returned from that warm and billowy atmosphere to encounter the cold and jagged edges of an unrelieved disaster.

The train brought him to town shortly after ten o'clock that morning. His telephone was ringing as he entered his office. It was Genevieve—incoherent, wildly excited.

Tom was gone, he learned,—disappeared. Marion was in bed, hysterical. Something terrible had happened, and it wasn't Tom's fault, the maid insisted. That was all Cutney could make of her incoherence, outside of the fact that he was wanted—and a doctor.

He called for Dr. Prennel on the way, and they drove to Cutney's home. Both went immediately to Marion's room, followed by a gesticulating maid, moaning, babbling of a vanished Tom. The doctor took one hasty glance at the patient and gently shoved the other two out of the room.

"You'll have to leave us alone for a while," he said.

CUTNEY had seen a pale moist face and wide staring eyes; a slight murmur had come from the drivelling mouth. He and Genevieve stood in the hall for a while, Cutney bareheaded, hat in hand, still in a daze.

"Where's Tom?" he asked.

"I dunno," she wailed. "He's run away—I dunno where. It's her fault—all her—"

"What's her fault—what did she do?"

"She brought 'im in las' night—to sing. You know, like las' time—"

"Well, what of it—didn't he want to sing? What happened?"

"She done it. She made 'im—"

Prennel opened the door of the bedroom.

"Come in, Cutney," he called.

"She's unconscious now," he began, after he had closed the door behind the husband. "I had to give her an opiate. She needs rest—too nervous, pretty far gone, in fact."

(*Will you please turn to page* 315)

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THE BROWSING READER

Monroe N. Work, *A Bibliography of the Negro in Africa and America.* The H. W. Wilson Company, New York.

THIS monumental work of 698 large octavo pages is the most complete bibliography on the Negro published. Mr. Work, for many years head of the Department of Records and Research at Tuskegee Institute, has been helped in his compilation by a grant of the Carnegie Corporation of New York and the Phelps-Stokes Fund. The result is a list of nearly 40,000 books, pamphlets and magazine articles on the Negro in America and in Africa. The casual reader can not, of course, determine its completeness and accuracy, but what few tests we have applied sustain the apparent thoroughness of the work. Some flaws are evident. For instance: it would have helped reference to have varied the page headings; one wonders why White's translation of Felix Dubois' "Timbuktu the Mysterious" was not noted or what led to the omission of Chesnutt's biography of Frederick Douglass; and, by the way, Chesnutt's name is misspelled; "José Clarana" is only a pseudonym for Jaime Gil.

There are doubtless numbers of such minor mistakes; but there can be no doubt but that the whole work is a gigantic and worthy accomplishment and will long be a guide to literature on the Negro.

The Saturday Evening Quill of the Saturday Evening Quill Club. Boston, Mass., June, 1928.

OF the booklets issued by young Negro writers in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere, this collection from Boston is by far the most interesting and the best. It has drawings by Roscoe Wright, poems by Waring Cuney and George R. Margetson, together with stories and articles by Dorothy West, Eugene Gordon, Florida R. Ridley and others. It is well printed and readable and maintains a high mark of literary excellence. We shall hope to have another number.

We acknowledge the receipt of "The Mutawakkili of As-Suyuti", a translation of the Arabic text, with introduction notes and indices by Dr. William Y. Bell. This is Dr. Bell's thesis at Yale University for the Ph. D. degree and is a treatise on the foreign words from various African and Asiatic languages which appear in the Koran, the bible of the Mohammedans. Both the Arabic text and the translation are published.

W. E. B. D.

The best sellers at the 19th Annual Conference of the N. A. A. C. P., Los Angeles.

1. Du Bois's "Dark Princess"
2. Johnson's "God's Trombones"
3. Cullen's "Caroling Dusk"
4. Larsen's "Quicksand"
5. Johnson's "Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man"
6. Fauset's "There is Confusion"

IN THE MAGAZINES

IN May the colored students of the University of Cincinnati issued the first number of *The New Horizon.* The contributions to the two numbers we have examined are, for the most part, amateurish, but here and there are promising bits. This marks a departure from the tradition of Negroes in northern institutions, where, except in too few instances when they have contributed to white student publications, they have been inarticulate. We shall watch *The New Horizon* with interest.

The Nation for April 18 carries "Beauty Instead of Ashes" in which Alain Locke discusses the present trend of the Negro in art. Dr. Locke says that the younger Negro school has emphasized three things: realistic fiction, folk plays and type analysis; and that instead of becoming sullen under poverty and oppression, the Negro is creating "beauty out of the ashes".

International Review of Missions for July carries an article on "Biology and African Education" by S. A. Hammond. Mr. Hammond, who has been engaged in school work in Africa for many years, says that Africa needs a definite aim expressed in terms of school practice. Practical work and scientific technique, he says, are incomplete without the knowledge of life; and in order to give the African a firm foundation for higher education, he must be taught that life and the cultural branches of learning have a definite correlation.

In the same issue of *International Review of Missions* Sister M. C. Magdalen discusses the "Education of Girls in Southern Nigeria". Until recently education of native girls has been neglected, but it is now being taken up with enthusiasm. Sister Magdalen says that the big work before educators in Africa is to build up a system of education for youth and to prepare teachers who will evolve an African system of education. The article is loaded with patronizing good will, the spirit of uplift and sentimentality.

William Beebe in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July takes us to the rugged shore of Haiti to visit "The Fiddlers by the Sea". Mr. Beebe has interwoven his story of the fiddler crabs with descriptions of the magic coral sea and colorful pictures of mahogany-hued natives.

W. Sherman Savage in *The World Tomorrow* for July gives us a new interpretation of "The Fourteenth Amendment". At the time the Amendment was under consideration, individuals and joint-stock companies were appealing to Congress for protection against local and state taxes. Therefore the framers of the Amendment hoped, by writing it in indefinite language, to protect not only the rights of the Negro, but to protect *all* individuals and joint-stock companies who were seeking relief. Thus, since its inception in 1868, the Fourteenth Amendment has shifted its application and has become, for the most part, the "good angel" to corporations in their fight against State control.

In the same issue of *The World Tomorrow* Lorine Pruette discusses the fallacy of "The Instinct of Race Prejudice". Race prejudice, says Miss Pruette, is a nurtured thing—a fragile plant coaxed to hardy maturity. "Johnnie!" Fond mamma calls small son in from play. "You cannot play with Tommie. He's a *nigger!*" Johnnie hears this today — tomorrow — next week. He learns his lesson well. It is as natural for him to shun Tommie as to go to sleep when he is tired. And when he becomes articulate, he says that race prejudice is instinctive!

In an article surfeited with snap judgments, Wallace Thurman reviews "Negro Poets and Their Poetry" in *The Bookman* for July. Mr. Thurman discusses a handful of poets, among them, Phillis Wheatley, Paul Laurence Dunbar, James Weldon Johnson, Claude McKay, Countée Cullen and Langston Hughes, and dismisses them all with a wide gesture.

MARVEL JACKSON.

THE OUTER POCKET

I WANT to congratulate you upon the fine educational number of THE CRISIS which I have just opened. It is the best yet.

GEORGE W. CRAWFORD,
New Haven, Conn.

You may or may not remember the call I made on you in your office last January or February on my way home from Boston. It was a very pleasant call, to me at any rate, and I have some hope that it left that impression on you, so that you will be pleased to know that I want to congratulate you on the current number of THE CRISIS both for the solid statistical matter it contains and the summary statements of fact as to various institutions.

The points made in the *Battle Front* are well sharpened and the *Poet's Corner* strikes me as above the average; but I won't say much for I am so much interested in my friends in Haiti that if I began to talk I couldn't stay in a corner.

I have long felt moved in spirit to write and complain about the character of the illustrations your paper generally carries for cover ornamentation. The nude done with soft and flowing lines is objectionable enough in such cases, but drawn in cubist or semi-cubist style is unendurable; and drawn, and re-drawn and perpetually drawn and shoved under one's nose runs what was bad style in the first place into a nuisance. But I am relieved of making any criticism in the matter by the article of Allison Davis on Negro "Intellectuals" as I think it's fine from beginning to end, largely because he says the things I think and believe so much better than I could have said them. I am very glad you published it and hope all your readers will read it two or three times over; and that the authors he refers to and the artists I have referred to will also read and profit by it.

HAROLD GOODWIN,
Philadelphia.

Mr. Allison Davis, in his recent article, *Our Negro "Intellectuals"*, makes the following assertion:

"I think that the severest charge one can make against Mr. Van Vechten is that he misdirected a genuine poet, who gave promise of a power and technique exceptional in any poetry,—Mr. Hughes . . . . in *Fine Clothes to the Jew,* which Mr. Van Vechten undoubtedly *did* influence, is the real proof of his having finally misdirected Mr. Hughes."

This, to all my available knowledge on the subject, is quite untrue. I do not know what facts Mr. Davis himself may possess as to how, where, or when I have been misdirected by Mr. Van Vechten, but since I happen to be the person who wrote the material comprising *Fine Clothes to the Jew,* I would like herewith to state and declare that many of the poems in said book were written before I made the acquaintance of Mr. Van Vechten, as the files of THE CRISIS will prove; before the appearance of *The Weary Blues* containing his preface; and before ever he had commented in any way on my work. (See THE CRISIS for June, 1922, August, 1923, several issues in 1925; also the *Buccaneer* for May, 1925.) Those poems which were written after my acquaintance with Mr. Van Vechten were certainly not about him, not requested by him, not misdirected by him, some of them not liked by him nor, so far as I know, do they in any way bear his poetic influence.

My second book is what I personally desired it to be and if the poems which it contains are low-down, jazzy, cabaret-ish, sensational, and utterly uncouth in the eyes of Mr. Davis the fault is mine,—not Mr. Van Vechten's. I do not resent Mr. Davis' criticism of my work and I know very well that a great many persons agree with him, —nay, go even farther in believing that all of my verses are tainted with the evils of utter blackness. To such people my poems are as the proverbial red rag to the bull. To say the least they seem quite distasteful to them and evidently not the kind of reading diet on which they should feed, but I am not hurt about it. I have never pretended to be keeping a literary grazing pasture with food to suit all breeds of cattle. However, for the sake of truth, I cannot allow Mr. Davis' rather extravagant misstatement of fact to go unanswered, therefore this letter offering a correction.

LANGSTON HUGHES,
Lincoln University.

PLEASE permit me to congratulate you on your acceptance of Mr. Woodruff's painting which decorates your August Number of THE CRISIS. I am sure that this picture will command attention to this magazine on any news stand in comparison with others. Of late I have been observing Mr. Woodruff's work, and I have yet to find him guilty of producing this cheap theatrical jazz-tainted bunk called Negro Art. It is indeed pathetic to see so many of our prominent intellectuals, artists and writers stooping to such depths for no other reason than to see themselves in print.

As a matter of fact, the Negro artist shows no more backbone in his chosen field than do other Negroes in various capacities. The truth of the matter is that they have allowed a hand full of half-cultured whites tell them what to write and paint. This they have accepted, believing it to be typical of the desires of the general white public, which is not true at all . . . .

O. RICHARD REID,
New York.

May I take this opportunity of thanking you for the editorial entitled "Visitors" in the column headed *Postscript* in the July CRISIS. I imagine every person who holds an administrative position especially in the so-called "field of public life" has suffered from the thoughtlessness of the type of visitor you describe. I have never heard or read this problem put so clearly as you put it in the above-named article. It ought to accomplish considerable good.

FORRESTER B. WASHINGTON,
Atlanta, Ga.

WE have received the following letter concerning Thomas H. Tibbles, a companion of John Brown and once candidate for Vice President on the Populist ticket, who recently died. "Mr. Tibbles was one of the big-souled people with a passion for justice. His daughter was troubled by the triviality of reference in the Associated Press to one whose life was given over to noble causes. She writes: 'What particularly incensed me was the fact that though my father, through his own efforts, and the efforts of those who gathered round him, was solely instrumental in changing

the law and policy of this country, by having the Indians made citizens, the papers never mentioned this. He made the flight of the Pancas a success—a flight which the *Evening Post* called as dramatic and tragic as the flight of the Tartars. Mr. Tibbles took a 'boy's part in the Civil War'.

"The person writing to you has been a member of the N. A. A. C. P. and a subscriber to THE CRISIS for years. She is one of the white people who recognizes differences in individuals only and has never been able to see that a difference of race or creed or color breaks into our human solidarity. And this is not in thought only but in actual feeling. But she was born this way. Other white people are born differently. 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

"With deep appreciation of your extraordinary, courageous, and far-seeing leadership."

———— ————.

PLEASE accept my hearty thanks for your splendid editorial on "Darrow" in the June CRISIS. I am in complete accord with every word of it; and I wish every Negro in America could read it again and again. You will kindly pardon me for mentioning the fact that I said practically the same thing to a Negro minister a few evenings ago on our train en route from Birmingham, Alabama, to Chattanooga, Tennessee.

A few years ago when I came near losing faith in white people, it was not saintly Christians like William J. Bryan, Billy Sunday and Bishop Manning that gave me hope, but radicals and infidels like Bob Ingersoll, Thomas Paine, Eugene V. Debs and Clarence Darrow. Creeds and names don't mean a damn thing to me, but deeds do. There is not a minister in America that I respect more and love as much as I do Clarence Darrow.

———— ————

If you publish this note, (and you are at liberty to do so), please omit the sentence containing the word, *damn*.

[We didn't have the heart so we omitted the name!—EDITOR.]

UNTIL this letter of the "white bourgeois intellectual" appeared in the April CRISIS I was content to allow you the last word *re* the political trend of your magazine. Your courage in defence was so unbolshevikian and fine I felt the conduct of the magazine and the continuation of its high literary quality could after all be trusted to you. But here comes along the aforesaid intellectual who says there can be no race equality so long as "the economic necessity exists for keeping the races hostile", a fact which you must "realize and emphasize". She also says your magazine "is entirely too high-brow" and that it will appeal to your "race vanity". Whereupon a phrase in Dr. Dorsey's book "Why we behave like human beings" comes rushing to my mind—"How 'low' (he says) the savage European must have seemed to the Nile Valley African looking North from his pyramid of Cheops".

And then there was the letter anent "Caucasians"—

Dear Dr. Dubois, if you would only forget your prejudice and laugh with me. You wouldn't believe it but Dr. Dorsey also says in his book "There is no known fact of human anatomy or psychology which implies that capacity for culture or civilization or intelligence inheres in this race or that type". Again "How 'low' the savage European must have seemed to the Nile Valley African looking North from his pyramid of Cheops".

Yours for more culture, more poetry and oil-wells, pretty girls and bankers.

HELEN DOW PECK.
White American middlebrow.

I AM sure you could not remember me as one of the young white ladies which Mr. William Pickens introduced to you after your lecture on Russia at Howard University this last March . . . .

I want to say as further introduction that one of my great interests in life is to do all that I can to increase for the American Negro his opportunities for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness". I am humiliated because of the injustices which members of the white race have practiced toward members of the black race. The practice of lynching is undoubtedly one of the worst stains on our contemporary American civilization and I should gladly give my life if that would end it.

But, Dr. DuBois, I hope you will not misunderstand me when I protest against the last paragraph of your article "Mob Tactics" on page 204 of the August CRISIS. I read the CRISIS more regularly, perhaps, than I read any other paper because of my interest in the welfare of the American Negro.

My protest is against your suggested solution for lynching. I believe the toting of guns will be no solution for this problem; instead it will only augment it. I honestly believe that any individual of any race or nation is in a more dangerous condition with a gun than without it. A gun does not insure safety but invites harm. I am opposed to an individual carrying a gun as I am opposed to any nation having large armies and navies. I believe the safer way is the way of goodwill and friendship. We need never be afraid of our friends.

I am not asking you to acquiesce and allow lynching to continue and other conditions to become worse. Instead, I would urge you on to greater activity in breaking down the barriers which have been built between the two groups and I would consecrate myself more completely to the task of substituting goodwill for prejudice, love for hatred, and co-operation for dissension. But I am asking that you propose a solution which will enable us to attain our goal and improve conditions instead of making them more complex and difficult. There is a way out of this problem, I believe, as there is a way out of every problem. And that way lies along the path of love and goodwill. This is not a vague ideal—it is a reality and works whenever tried. I suggest it here because I have such absolute faith in it.

I cannot censure you for the suggestion you have made. I have felt something of the desperation which, I am sure, has been upon you and it is with a real desire to help find that true solution that I send this protest.

The American Negro has traveled far on the road of non-resistance and I know that I am putting a huge task on him when I ask him to go still further on the road of active goodwill but I am confident that only in this way will he ever find his goal. Yes, it's a rough and stony path; but not so rough, not so stony, not so dangerous as the path of gun toting.

MARY IDA WINDER.

MY DEAR MRS. BAILIE:

I have been astonished at the attitude of the Daughters of the American Revolution toward you and toward others, including myself. Personally, I have long been a Socialist. That is, one who believes in the administration of wealth and of the division of income for the good of the community, rather than simply for private interests. I am unaware that such an attitude is either revolutionary or dangerous. I was once, myself, a member of the Massachusetts Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution through my Negro great-grandfather, who fought in the Revolution. I was compelled to resign when the headquarters at Washington found out that I was of Negro descent. If membership in patriotic societies is going to involve discrimination against race and honest belief in reform, then such organizations are on the straight road toward suicide.

I wish you all success in your fight for decency and patriotism against the persons now in control of the D. A. R.

W. E. B. DU BOIS.

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

PERSONAL

¶ Mrs. Hannah Harleston Mickey is dead at Charleston, S. C., at the age of 79 years. She was the widow of an undertaker who estabilshed his business in 1884 and died in 1899, leaving her with the responsibility of rearing five children. She was raised on her father's plantation and educated at Avery Institute, Charleston. Her children have been trained at Simmons College, Boston, Columbia University, Atlanta University and elsewhere. The undertaking business is still being carried on by her sons.

¶ William Grandison, who died recently in Massachusetts was well-known in New England as a printer. He was born in Canada in 1848 and came as a typesetter to Boston. For a long time he had difficulty in securing admission to the Union, but after an all-night debate, he finally was declared a member of Union Number 61. He worked for years at the well-known Riverside Press and secured the admission of many colored workers. At one time he published the *Boston Advocate* and for the last twenty-five years had his own job printing office in Cambridge. His aunt's home on Flagg Street, Cambridge, was the boarding place of several Harvard students, including the Editor of THE CRISIS.

¶ Dr. A. P. Davis of Kansas City, Kansas, a surgeon, is interested in aviation and owns and pilots his own plane. He is said to be the second colored pilot in the United States to obtain a license. Recently, he purchased an American Eagle Bi-plane with a 90-horse power Curtis motor. He intends to use the plane for his professional work and for pleasure. Dr. Davis was denied the right to store his plane in any of the numerous flying fields near Kansas City because of his color, but he employed a private instructor and hopes to establish a school of his own.

Mrs. H. H. Mickey

¶ The funeral of George E. Dixon, who died at Johnson City, Tennessee, was the largest ever seen there. Mr. Dixon was born and educated in St. Louis and studied at the University of Illinois and Harvard. He served two years over-seas as Lieutenant in the 351st Machine Gun Company. Afterward, he worked in community service; then studied at Chicago University, and finally became Principal of the Langston High School at Johnson City. He worked hard and conscientiously and died of pneumonia, February 22nd.

¶ William E. Harmon, the founder of the Harmon Foundation, died July 15th at the age of 66. He was widely known for his generosity, but more especially among colored people for the "Harmon Awards for distinguished achievement among Negroes". His main occupation was the development of real estate in which work he made his fortune. During the last five years he has loaned more than $300,000 to students working their way through colleges and his philanthropies will be carried on by his family and corporations which he has formed.

¶ Diamond Cox of Jackson, Mississippi, died in June. He was born a slave in 1858, educated at Tougaloo College, and for twenty-one years was a teacher in the public schools. He was an ardent churchman, Master Mason, and a member of the N. A. A. C. P. He is survived by a widow and eight children.

¶ William V. Chambliss, a graduate of Tuskegee N. and I. Institute, died recently leaving an estate of $100,000. Of this he willed $30,000 to Tuskegee for a grammar school and also the Chambliss Hotel, a three-storied brick structure built in 1924 on land near the Institute.

¶ The American Inter-racial Peace Committee has launched a nation-wide campaign with Mrs. Alice Dunbar Nelson as Executive Secretary. Mrs. Nelson is a graduate of Straight

W. C. Harmon *Diamond Cox* *G. E. Dixon* *Wm. Grandison*

The Patio, Hotel Somerville, Los Angeles

College and has studied at Cornell and Columbia. Her first husband was Paul Lawrence Dunbar and she has taught school in New Orleans, Brooklyn, and Wilmington. For many years she was head of the department of English at Howard High School at Wilmington until her marriage with Robert J. Nelson. Recently she has directed summer school at the State College for Colored Students at Dover and taught at the summer school at Hampton. Mrs. Nelson has published several books and is an honorary member of the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority.

MUSIC AND ART

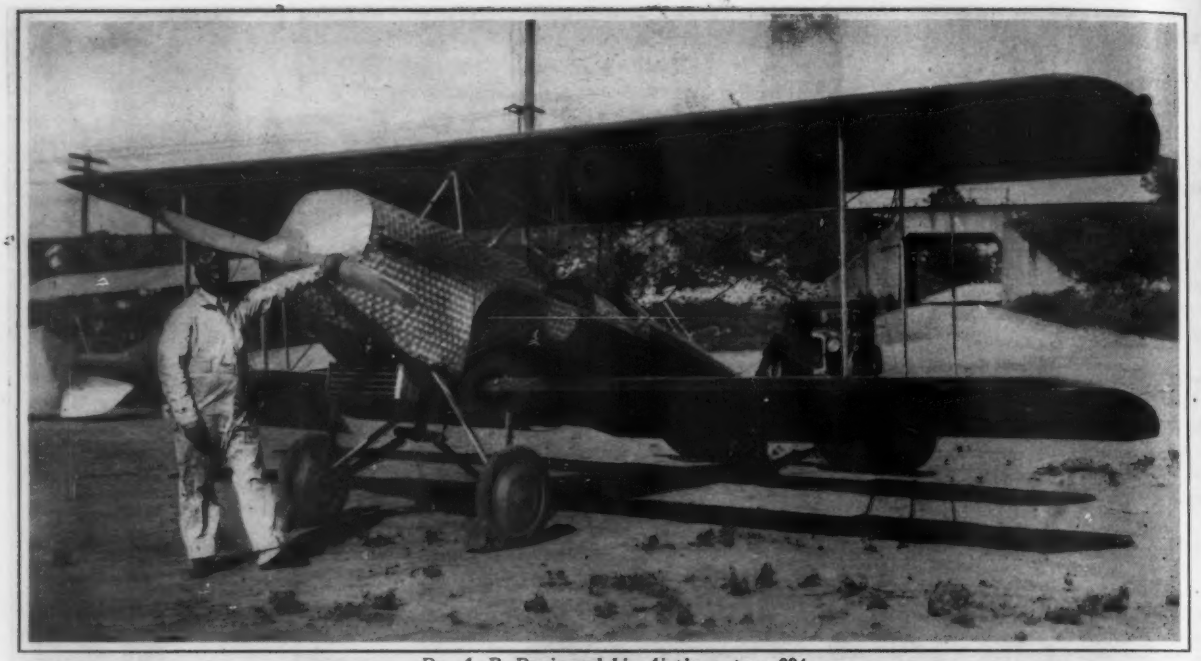
¶ Miss Gertrude T. Hamilton of Stockton, California, has published a Waltz ballad, "Violets and You", which is pretty and been widely sung over the radio on the Pacific Coast.

¶ The Second Exhibition of the Art of American Negroes will be held at International House, New York, in January, 1929. The exhibition is under the Harmon Foundation and application should be made to Dr. George E. Haynes, 105 East 22nd Street, by September 10th. A prize of $250 is offered for the finest single work of art.

¶ In an article appearing in a recent number of "Musical America," entitled "American Composers up a Peg," by Sidney Dalton is the following: "Another piano solo from the same press (G. Schirmer) that possesses originality is a Southern Sketch entitled "At the Cotton Gin," by Florence B. Price. It has melodic, harmonic and rhythemic interest and Miss Price has produced an agreeable effect in the banjo-like accompaniment."

N. A. A. C. P. PRIZE BABIES

Charles W. Page Jr. — *First Prize* — *Binghamton, N. Y.*
Mattie M. Livingston — *Second Prize* — *Ft. Madison, Iowa*
Bettie Jean Bruner — *First Prize* — *Ft. Madison, Iowa*
Wm. W. Baker, Jr. — *First Prize* — *Steubenville*
Cora Vernee Trotter — *First Prize* — *Cincinnati, Ohio*
Theo. Leon Fleming — *First Prize* — *Lexington, Kentucky*



Dr. A. P. Davis and his Airplane, page 304

EDUCATION

¶ S. J. Murphey was graduated with the degree of Master of Arts in Education from the University of Southern California. He was a member of the school survey committee of the department.

¶ Samuel R. Shepard was graduated from the Crane Junior College of Chicago at the age of 19. He was Managing Editor of the College organ.

¶ Professor Anderson of the C. A. and N. University, Langston, Oklahoma, has been granted a fellowship of $1100 by the General Education Board to study English at the University of Chicago in 1928-29.

¶ Ralph J. Bunche, an A. B. of the University of California, took his M. A. at Harvard this year in Government. He has a Thayer Scholarship and is going to study for his Ph. D.

¶ Miss Nell E. Williams was Valedictorian of the Class of 1928 at Howard University School of Law. She did her college work at the University of California and the Univer-

Some of the Officers and Delegates at the Nineteenth Annual Conference of the N. A. A. C. P.

Miss N. E. Williams,

sity of Southern California. During her entire three-years' course, she maintained the highest general average and received the Callaghan and Company annual prize, the Bluett Prize for excellence in court practice, and the Waters Prize for second highest grade in the Law of Quasi Contracts. Miss Williams will take a Post Graduate Course in New York University and practice in Los Angeles. She was the only girl in her class.

¶ The University of Detroit has six Negro students enrolled: two in Mechanical Engineering and the rest in law.

¶ John Hope, President of Morehouse College, Atlanta, Georgia, has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Eleven honorary degrees were conferred, three of the recipients being Americans. Dr. Hope was one of the three speakers who responded.

¶ Lloyd C. Griffith of Southwestern

Harrison Ferrell, page 318

University, Los Angeles, received his degree of Batchelor of Laws and was class orator of the class of 1928.

¶ Miss W. C. Curry of Los Angeles graduated from the University of California. She was a member of the University orchestra for four years, of the Choral society, and other organizations.

¶ Miss Annie I. Smith received her M. A. from the University of Southern California. She made a comparative survey of the intelligence of Negro and white children.

¶ Charles H. Diggs graduated from the University of California, majoring in Sociology. He was a member of the University track team and will continue his studies in France.

¶ The State Department of Education has recognized the Negro Junior

R. J. Bunche, page 306

of the N. A. A. C. P. in front of their headquarters at the Second Baptist Church, Los Angeles, California.

The Dining Room, Hotel Somerville, Los Angeles

College of Houston, Texas, as a school of the first-class. It has a faculty of ten persons, from Howard, Fisk, Morehouse, Columbia, Wiley, Northwestern, Chicago, University of Michigan, and other institutions.

¶ L. H. Knox of New Bedford, Massachusetts, was graduated from Bates College, Maine, with the degree of B. S., "cum laude". He received final honors in Chemistry and during his senior year was assistant instructor. He will study for his Master's degree at Harvard.

¶ Miss Martha A. Roberts, who was graduated from the University of Illinois in June, was on the honor roll during her entire course and was a member of the national honorary society for scholarship. She is a member of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority and will teach next year at Prairie View, Texas.

¶ Miss Elizabeth George was the only colored girl to graduate from Indiana University this year. She was Chairman of the Inter-racial Commission and a member of the University English Club and other organizations.

¶ At the College of the City of New York, DeLisle Gilkes was graduated with B. A. "cum laude". Cyril C. Jones finished his college course in 3½ years and won a Tremain Scholarship.

¶ Florida A. and M. College at Tallahassee is a state college. It receives $45,000 a year from students chiefly for board. $200,000 has been given during the past four years in gifts. The State appropriation for the last four years has been as follows: for the two years, 1925-27, $450,000, for the two years, 1927-29, $327,904. The salaries of college instructors last year amounted to $14,000.

¶ Miss Lucy A. Williams, a graduate of Chicago, received the degree of Bachelor of Music at Oberlin after two years study.

¶ Miss Jessie M. Gross-Harris, received the degree of M. A. in Education at the University of Cincinnati.

¶ William Henry Fort is the youngest Bachelor of Arts that Fisk University has ever graduated. He was born in 1911 and received his degree in June, 1928. He majored in Mathematics and hopes to enter Harvard in the fall. We are inclined to attribute part of his success to the fact that he was once an agent for THE CRISIS.

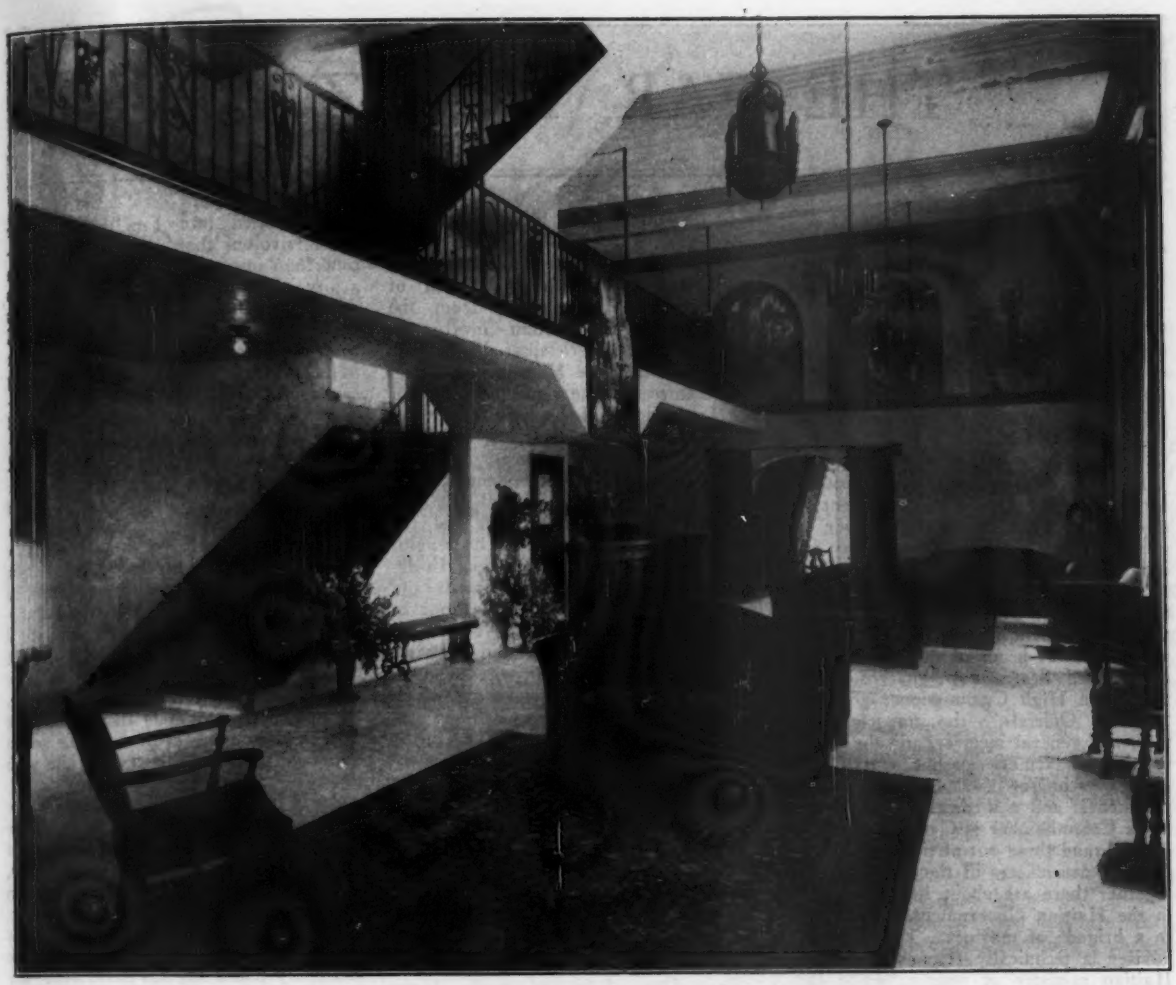
¶ Miss Ellen Jones, a student of Art, has won four scholarships in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and three Thayer prizes. She also won First Prize from the Rayon Silk Company for a dress design and has designed costumes for the Repertory Theater.

MEETINGS

¶ At the North Eastern Students Conference held at Camp Maqua Y. W. C. A. Poland, Maine, June 18th to 28th, Grace Vera Postles of Emerson College, Boston, Mass., was elected to the Executive Board of the Maqua Division for the ensuing year.

¶ The Grand Lodge of Elks met in Chicago this year, August 26th, for the 29th Annual session.

¶ The Fourth Annual Inter-Collegiate Conference of New York City was held in Englewood, New Jersey, in July, and discussed "The Negro Student in the World of Facts". Miss Gladys MacDonald was in charge.



The Foyer, Hotel Somerville, Los Angeles

¶ At the General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church the salaries of the Bishops were raised from $3,600 to $5,400, and those of the General Officers, from $2,200 to $3,600. Four new Bishops were elected: R. A. Grant of Florida, S. L. Green of Arkansas, G. B. Young of Texas, and H. M. Davis of Maryland. All of the General Officers were re-elected, except Mr. Barksdale, who was superseded as Editor by J. H. Wilson of Pasadena, California. One change in the organic rules of the General Conference was made when laymen were given larger rights of representation in the General Conference.

¶ The 12th National Championship games of the American Tennis Association were held at Bordentown, New Jersey, August 20-25. This organization is one of the most interesting and encouraging athletic movements among Negro organizations. Dr. H. McCard of Baltimore is President and G. F. Norman of Flushing, New York, Executive Secretary. The Association was founded in 1916 and consists today of the New Jersey, New York, New England, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, St. Louis, and Pennsylvania tennis associations and the Western Federation of tennis clubs. The championship meeting brings a large number of experts and visitors.

¶ The Negro Masons of Alabama held their Grand Lodge in Birmingham in July. They reported $110,000 in the endowment treasury and handled during the year $373,468. They have a balance on hand of $78,000. Walter T. Woods was re-elected Grand Master for the 15th year and the mortgage on the Masonic Temple was burned. The Temple cost $750,000 and is now clear of debt. The Order also owns 48 acres of land in Jefferson County, Alabama, for which they have recently refused $18,000 cash.

SOCIAL PROGRESS

¶ The N. A. A. C. P. is continuing its fight on the white primary in Texas. The decision of Judge Hutcherson at Houston, that parties may prescribe their own members' qualifications will be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

¶ The colored people of San Diego, California, need more professional men. They particularly offer advantages to a physician, a dentist, and a pharmacist.

¶ The opening of the Hotel Somerville in Los Angeles was an event. Formerly the only hotel opened to colored people was a resort owned by white people with a cabaret catering to questionable elements. Even this place was closed to colored people in 1927. Dr. J. A. Somerville immediately bought an eligible corner at Central Avenue and 41st Street in January, 1928. Ground was broken February 10th and the hotel started. The plan was to have it finished in time for the N. A. A. C. P. Conference, but bets were freely offered up and down Central Avenue that the hotel would never be opened and certainly not by June 27th. Even the

(*Will you please turn to page* 317)

THE FAR HORIZON

HAITI

THE *News Bulletin* of the Foreign Policy Association says:

In 1915 President Guillaume Sam went on a rampage and caused 200 prisoners in the Haitian jails to be massacred. He sought refuge in the French Legation but the irate relatives of his victims violated this sanctuary and tore Guillaume Sam to bits. The upshot was that the United States intervened.

In order to regularize our position, we induced the Haitian Government to sign a treaty in 1915 turning over to us the administration of the country except the judicial system, education and local government. In 1917 the life of this treaty was extended until 1936. Although President Borno and his cabinet are the titular heads of the government, the United States now governs Haiti through a High Commissioner and five "Treaty Officials,"—the financial adviser and general receiver, and the heads of the gendarmerie, public works, the service technique (or agricultural department), and a medical service. The High Commissioner is General John H. Russell, and three out of the five Treaty Officials are officers of the marines. Altogether there are about 100 Americans in the Haitian Government, in addition to a brigade of marines. The financial adviser is technically responsible to the Haitian minister of finance, while the American heads of the gendarmerie, public works and medical service are theoretically responsible to a Haitian minister of the interior.

Through these 100 officials and the brigade of marines the United States has restored order, abolished the petty exactions of officialism, straightened out a dismal financial situation, built imposing public works and improved the health of the Haitian people. While it has done nothing for general education, it is building up effective agricultural schools.

However there is a debit side of the ledger. We have sent to Haiti honest men—men who know how to maintain order and to keep accounts. But we have not sent to Haiti statesmen—men who thoroughly sympathize with Haiti's aspiration for independence, who understand how to train a people to be free. The system which we have installed may be efficient but it is not educational. The Haitian cabinet is composed of idle ministers and President Borno is everywhere regarded as America's marionette. The Haitian minister of finance has less responsibility in the administration of revenue than the unlettered Negro treasurer of a native state in a British colony in Africa. Apart from the "assistance" rendered by marine advisers, nothing has been done to improve local self-government. While orders are given in the name of the President and while laws are passed by a dummy Council of State, the initiative comes from the Americans. If the Haitian Government does anything, it is to obstruct.

For a century the Haitian people had a legislature and the right to vote. But in 1915 the doors of this legislature were closed by American marines and they have not been opened since. A Council of State elects the President and the President appoints the Council of State. There is no popular election and the United States marines permit no revolution. The result is dictatorship. In defense of this situation, American and Haitian officials state that elections in Haiti are impossible because of the illiteracy of the people. Yet in January, 1928, the people solemnly voted upon a set of constitutional amendments which were "adopted" by the overwhelming majority of 176,000 to 3,300. The United States assisted in this election by placing trucks at the disposition of the Borno Government to take voters to the polls. If the United States insists on "fair" elections in Nicaragua and elsewhere in Central America, is it unreasonable to ask why in the one country where it is in the position to secure such elections, it should be a party to a jocose fraud?

JOSEPHINE BAKER

HOWARD COXE wants to be fair but is afraid that the world may forget he is a white American. He reviews Josephine Baker's biography which has just appeared in France, in the *New Republic*:

Much seems to have happened to Miss Josephine Baker since first she came into the limelight with "Shuffle Along" four years ago. If there could be still some doubts about her merits as an artist, or even as a serious thinker, certainly there could be none about her popularity abroad. With Mistinguette growing a trifle too elderly to hold the affections of the public, and with the Dolly Sisters becoming so very *chic*, there is perhaps no entertainer so much esteemed in Paris as Miss Baker. She has become a *grande vedette*. Cocktails have been named for her, also a hair oil called Bakerfix. Masses for the souls of her audiences are sung in cathedrals while she is doing the Charleston in the theaters, and now she has written, or rather dictated to an interpreter, her memoirs and ideas on life.

It seems improbable that Miss Baker's memories and impressions will be translated into English: they are more frivolous than profound, more decent than important. Nevertheless it is a pity: they are stimulating in a certain freshness and absurdity which is not often to be found, and they make you feel that, waiving prejudice, you would like Miss Baker. There is a refreshing candor about her, a naïveté and unpretentiousness and a complete absence of sentimentalism. She is still a pickaninny, a pickanniny transplanted to alien soil. She started dancing, she says, because it was cold in St. Louis and she needed to dance to keep warm. She attributes her success entirely to the rabbit's foot which she carries on her person night and day. She says she was born to dance: she would be happy to die dancing—though not in a music hall. "I'll get married some day—I want lots of babies and animals around. I love them. I want to live a peaceful life, with babies and animals all around. But if a child of mine ever wants to go on the stage, I swear I'll strangle him with my two hands."

Aside from the rabbit's foot and a few other natural superstitions, Miss Baker is a complete realist. She likes cornbeef hash and hot-cakes, animals of all kinds, loud colors, dolls "without bones in them". She detests all ballet dancing. She distrusts the use of cosmetics as aids to beauty. She owns a seven-volume dictionary which she has never read: she finds it fun to lift one volume at a time and see how heavy such a lot of words are. She has as little use for celebrities as for literature. "I've met a lot of people with reputations. They don't intimidate me. I most admire those who work hardest. Everybody is made with two arms and two legs and a stomach and a head. That gives you enough to think about."

SUPERIOR SOUTH CAROLINA

ROBERT QUILLIAN writes in the *Tribune* of Fountain Inn, South Carolina, concerning his state:

There is no other section of America where men are so quick to defend their honor as in South Carolina.

There is no other section where men are so quick to fight when given the lie.

There is no other section where so much is said about chivalry and the duty of shielding the gentler sex.

There is no other section where so much is said about being a gentleman.

There is no other section where religion figures so largely in the scheme of existence.

There is no section more certain of its superiority in righteousness.

(*Will you please turn to page* 319)

Postscript

by W. E. B. Du Bois

THE CALIFORNIA CONFERENCE

THERE is a lure and charm about California that grows with knowing. It is a land that sweeps from pine to palm, from ocean to snow-capped peak, from shrewd cold to breathless desert heat. One hesitates to epitomize it either with the vast and withdrawn mystery of Mt. Shasta, or the great inland sea of the Golden Gate or the sweep of the boulevards of Los Angeles. The last I know best and they grip me with nameless ecstasy. To sing with the sun of a golden morning and dip, soar and roll over Wiltshire or out to Pasedena where one of the Seven Streets of the World blooms; or out Washington to the sigh of the sound of the sea—this is Glory and Triumph and Life. One must be alone or with a perfect companion; there must be silence and dreamful thought and one must guide his car himself unhampered—free. Nowhere else in the world is there such a stretch of endless avenue bordered with flowers and palms and doll houses. Then of an evening let others drive and nestle behind with laughing, low-voiced friends and go down by the dark Pacific with pepper trees and ragged Eucalyptus, or up and out Vernon avenue toward the stars, and breathless behold the stars below—the sea of the stars of the angels—the endless and unbounded city of Los Angeles.

There could be no more romantic and poignantly gripping setting for the nineteenth conference of the N. A. A. C. P. It seemed right that such a gathering and flowing of peoples engulfed us. The depot swarmed with flags and autos and welcoming faces so that we seemed few and lost—we wise men from the East. And all through the week the hosts poured in upon our meetings in hundreds and thousands until the Shrine Temple billowed like a sea with its six thousand who sat four hours to see and hear.

Our first impression was neither hill nor vale nor waters. It was neither tree nor fruit—but a house. It was a hotel—a jewel done with loving hands; a soft intimate, laughing hostelry, with high, uplifted ceilings, with dainty colors and long, soft draperies. It was all full of sunshine and low voices and the sound of human laughter and running water. The *Hotel Somerville* was an extraordinary surprise to a people fed on ugliness—ugly schools, ugly churches, ugly streets, ugly insults. We heard of the hotel askance—we were prepared for,—well something that didn't leak and was hastily clean and too new for vermin. And we entered a beautiful Inn with a soul—with Humor and Joy and Flowers and Music; with pretty girls in white to serve food, tempted to delicacies in a kitchen where we went visiting on thrilling excursions. The long, high windows West and South piled secret sunlight on a balcony with winding stair and grilled iron and white linen.

Funny that a hotel so impressed us—but it was so unexpected, so startling, so beautiful. Next came the business meetings. We expect now large N. A. A. C. P. mass meetings—even the 10,000 of Indianapolis and Kansas City no longer surprise us. But we expect too, thin mornings and languid afternoon while delegates are sleeping and visiting. Not so Los Angeles. Morning sessions were almost crowded and afternoons full. All day the autos rolled in procession about the Second Baptist. All day crowds milled in the corridors. Indeed some say that the morning session when the Junior division took charge was in many respects the high water mark of the conference and set new marks and methods for the future. There was a perfect presiding officer—a speech which THE CRISIS will publish with pleasure and a whole air and atmosphere of earnestness and devotion which leads us to believe that Jazz has not wholly captured our babies; perhaps its Joy has prepared them for the grim tragedy of American race hatred.

The crowds and speeches and music of the meetings swim in a great flood of memories. It is difficult to bring them out and disentangle them and make them real again. I remember the straight-forward welcome of the Governor. It did not sound like a mere politician's clap-trap. Pickens was keen, piercing and humorous beyond reproduction. Johnson and his audience were one and throbbed in unison over lynching. Chesnutt was delicious and the lost sheets of his speech made his audience but more eager. Bishop Martin had some shrewd ethical advice. I was pleased to find Harry Davis' auditors and my own hearers so easily aroused to enthusiastic comprehension of the present political campaign. We had Lincoln Steffens and an East Indian, S. G. Pandit, and we had choruses that sang "Lift Every Voice" as I have not heard it before. Florence Cole Talbert sang for us and Carolyn Snowden danced.

The debates on policy and business were well sustained.

And yet when all is said in detail and of words and personalities, not half has been told. There was a fine, big, broad spirit with us among the flowers and fruit of Southern California. There was wide comprehension and hope. There was a pulling together and a pledge of still greater things. I did not hear a single petty, carping word. Everybody worked, thought, promised.

We sold books through Mrs. Thompson, more than were ever sold before. We sold a thousand copies of THE CRISIS and we vowed to make the Cleveland meeting in 1929 larger and better than the Los Angeles—some vow, I'll surely say.

I have seen the N. A. A. C. P. conferences develop for twenty years. There were at first the ordinary desultory "conventions"—sparsely attended meetings, half prepared papers, bunk, and a good time outside the meetings. Then they stiffened and became more earnest. They lengthened from three days to a week and instead of becoming thinner and less interesting, they were better attended and more earnest. Today there is not a national meeting among Negroes and few among whites that compare with an N. A. A. C. P. annual conference for real attendance, thoroughness of program, preparedness of speakers and earnestness of intent. No church nor Sunday school conference, no fraternal body, no social organization can approach the satisfaction and devotion to business that marks these meetings. The publicity they attain, the listening world that follows them, opens a

new era for the American Negro. And we have but begun. We are going in the future to break our own high mark.

There has been neither the bribery and electioneering that made a recent church general conference a national disgrace; none of the drunkenness and debauchery that has clouded many meetings of secret orders and nothing of that indifference and lack of professional interest that has marked professional meetings. And this because of no superior breed of peoples, (we are all the same!) but, because of earnest, clear thought, lack of bunk and confusion and comprehension of a clear high aim.

HOWARD

THE Republican Party is playing one of its dirtiest political games in the case of Perry Howard. God knows THE CRISIS has no brief for Howard. If the charges are true, he is a grafting politician of the most contemptible sort—but accusations against him are not one whit worse than those against Bascom Slemp, erstwhile Congressman from Virginia, then Secretary to Calvin Coolidge and now in charge of the Republican campaign in the South. Slemp, Howard, Tolbert, Ben Davis and most of the Southern politicians, black and white, of both parties, have trafficked in public offices. White Democrats have bought offices and white Republicans, like Herbert Hoover, have received the votes thus paid for in the National Republican Conventions. The whole situation is a crying shame to American politics and remains so because the mass of black voters in the South is disfranchised and their political power wielded by grafting politicians of all colors and conditions. When the pinch comes and the insurgent West joins with the white South in demanding investigation, it is only the black politicians who are investigated while Slemp, Tolbert and their kind, go free. Let all the northern black voters who are fools vote for Hoover in November.

HOUSTON

IF the Democratic party was openly and thoughtfully planning to alienate the intelligent Negro vote in the North, they certainly were eminently successful. They opened their convention with an atrocious lynching. They segregated their black visitors back of a wire cage. They nominated for Vice President (an office which, since the Civil War, has made its incumbent President in four cases) a typical Arkansas bourbon. Even the nomination of Alfred Smith does not relieve the situation. Smith is an excellent administrator and his attitude on liquor is at least honest, while Hoover's is not; but so far as we can learn Alfred Smith has seldom been aware of the black citizens of the state of New York. He has given 250,000 Negroes of the state only one major appointment and has shown for black people not the slightest personal interest or appreciation. He has consistently vetoed every bill and movement which Negroes advocated.

The Catholic church, to which Smith belongs, knows no color line in all the world *except* in the United States; but here it is "Jim-Crow" from top to bottom in church attendance, in education, in philanthrophy, in missionary endeavor.

Finally, whatever Smith and his entourage might be inclined to do to attract Negro support, they are absolutely estopped from doing by their corrupt bargain with the solid South and their craven fear of the "liberal" South. Black voters of the North who support Smith should first vote for him and then commit suicide.

BOOZE

WHAT intrigues us about Mary of the Unfortunate Name is not the fact that she is colored and the daughter of the late Isaiah Montgomery; or even that she is a machine politician of what is to us the most offensive sort; but what really interests us is the inner workings of the minds of those distinguished white ladies who called the late conference of the Republican Committee Women in Washington. They were, many of them well-bred and all of them well-gowned. Most of them belonged to Christian churches. Yet, jointly and severally, they did a disgustingly mean thing. They invited Mrs. Booze to entertainment and luncheon and then sneaked off when her back was turned and lunched without her. In all this, Mrs. Booze comes out decidedly in the better position. These Republican women acted like cads; the Negro woman swallowed the insult, explained it away and remained—a Republican.

CONGRESS

THE voter in the next campaign should keep one thing clearly in mind: it makes small difference to him as to who is President. Both Smith and Hoover represent Big Business and the Solid South; but it makes an enormous difference as to who is Congressman from his district. The voters in every congressional district should conscientiously and tirelessly investigate the congressional nominee: they should get his record in the past—his acts and votes when in public office, his writings, his speeches, and his present treatment of black folk; they should get the categorical promise of each nominee as to his attitude toward the Negro problem, lynching, liquor, farm relief, and government by organized wealth; and then, without any regard as to what the Congressman calls himself, or by whom he is nominated, vote for him or against him according to his promises and particularly according to his past record. Everything else in this campaign is criss-cross and crazy, except the choice of individual members of Congress.

LYNCHING

IN the annual address to the country issued by the N. A. A. C. P., we congratulated the United States because one period of one hundred and twenty days passed without a Negro being lynched. It seems that after all we were wrong. Here is the photograph of a man lynched in Florida "sometime during the latter part of February or the first of March". The snapshot was taken by a travelling salesman who had the film developed at Melbourne, Alabama, and then gave a copy to a colored police officer. We have been able to get no further information. We do not know what the name of the man who was lynched was or of what he was accused. He is evidently a well-dressed person and the hand-cuffs on his wrists show that he was in the custody of the officers of the law when murdered.

(*Will you please turn to page* 322)

Possibility of Democracy

(*Continued from page* 296)

of a total literate Negro population 21 years of age and over, of (1920), 290,782. A resident of the state writes:

"The requirements for registration in this state are that the applicants must be able to 'read and write', or understand the Constitution when read to them and must have paid their poll tax for the past two years prior to the time at which they offer for registration.

"The Clerk of the Circuit Court in each county, or his deputy, is the sole judge of every one's ability to qualify for registration and he is invariably a Democrat and adamant. All white folk are 'qualified'. If a white person cannot read or write, such person is always able to 'understand the constitution when read'. Hence, all white folk vote.

"When a colored man comes up to register, as a rule, he is either unceremoneously ordered out of the office with an oath before a question even has been asked; or is told by the clerk that he is busy and hasn't time to register him; or is given something to read or asked a question, only to have the registration book closed, slammed to, and be told that he cannot qualify.

"The Negro vote is smaller now than a year ago, since the last legislature called for a new registration and it appears that it is a most difficult matter, to get as many on the rolls as were registered before. For example, in Hinds, the largest county in the State, there were 98 Negroes registered a year ago, but only 60 now."

In the state of Georgia, out of 369,511 Negroes 21 years of age and over, who can read and write, no one knows or is able to find out, apparently how many Negroes are registered. During the year 1926, 90,000 Negroes paid poll taxes and should have been entitled to vote. It is doubtful, however, if as many as 10,000 actually voted.

From Chatham County, where 22,678 Negroes 21 years of age and over can read and write, there were 2,200 registered Negro voters in 1922 and 900 in 1927.

In Floyd County, where there are 2,488 Negroes 21 years of age and over who can read and write, there are 120 colored women and 154 colored men who are registered.

IN Texas the difficulties are illustrated by one incident brought to my attention in 1918. Marion County, Texas, has a population of 10,886, of which 6,667 are Negroes. There are 2,146 whites 21 years of age and over, and 2,937 Negroes. Forty-three of the

whites are illiterate and 855 of the Negroes. It would look as though at least 1,500 of the Negroes were persons of intelligence and thrift, because they owned, in 1918, 85 per cent of the cultivated land and paid, outside the corporation taxes, over 50 per cent. of the taxes. Many Negroes owned farms of 1,000 acres and more,—one owning 3,200 acres. The Negroes owned 23 cotton gins, 25 grist mills, 32 saw mills and 17 shingle mills. There were 25 small merchants and one colored physician whose practice was 50 per cent. white. The six months colored county schools was "fairly good". The town school in Jefferson ran nine months and had ten grades. And yet, in the face of that, the following election notice was issued Tuesday, September 3rd, 1918:

To the People of Jefferson:

The election to be held Tuesday, Sept. 3rd is for the purpose of voting to repeal the stock law or allowing it to stand as it is.

It was unanimously voted by the Council to allow all White Citizens, Men and Women in the City of Jefferson, 21 years of age to vote on this question as the Council wants to know how the people stand on it. The people who are in favor of Repealing this law are willing that an Ordinance be passed allowing stock to run at large from 6 A. M. from 1st day of April until 1st day of December which would be 8 months in the year and put them up the remaining 4 months. You are all interested.

So come out and vote.

The Committee.

It must be remembered that a Stock Law, which regulates the fencing of crops and the running at large of stock, is of great importance, both to the farmer and the small town worker.

(*To be continued in the October* CRISIS)

No White Woman

(*Continued from page* 298)

"What's the matter?"

"Well"—Prennel was handling a distasteful subject—"I think it's nothing serious. She'll get over it. Simply too great a shock, too much excitement."

"What do you mean? What excitement?"

Prennel perspired.

"Listen, Cutney,"—the doctor went to the chair to close his bag—"she's been assaulted. Get me? She'll be awake in four or five hours. Call me when she is."

Prennel donned his hat and coat, and made an exit. . . .

"The damned dirty nigger," Cutney was muttering.

"Genevieve!" he called.

"Yes?"—and the maid entered the room.

"Where's Tom?"

"I dunno, Mr. Cutney, I dunno. He was gone early this mornin'. It wasn't his fault—"

"Oh—get to hell out of here. . . . The dirty black skunk!"

GENEVIEVE got out. He felt like shaking her squat stupidity into a screaming litheness.

Cutney sat down on the bed. He looked at his tired sleeping wife, and pondered in an agony. He might have known. The brute, the splendidly built brute, was only an animal—lazy, graceful, moony as an animal. Inarticulate. His songs were a baying at the moon. He had done this thing crudely, powerfully, brutally, as a beast does. Slow, relentless, watching for an opportunity, then fleeing in the night.

He thought of Tom swimming, hugely enjoying his sleek, smiling body. The damned animal—the dirty brute. He should have been crushed, obliterated.

Tom singing. The ease of it, the smooth flow untroubled by consciousness, the earthy, nocturnal fascination of it. Animal caterwauling—a cooler caterwauling. Its final expression this brutality.

The hours passed. He had stripped Tom of his clothes. He thought of him naked, his blackness baking in the sun, stretching in the sun, rolling, prowling. The long arms and hands had held his wife. . . . He looked for bruises on her face. There were none. . . . The damned brute.

Thus for hours. His mind ground over and over again his hatred, his disgust. His small stock of profanity failed to appease his profound wrath. His final picture of Tom was of a monstrous malevolence, a giant, leering gorilla.

"You're wanted on the 'phone, Mr. Cutney," Genevieve's hushed voice called through the door.

Cutney went, numbly.

"Hello. This is Ralleck. . . . We're organizing a gang to get that damned — — — —. Yeh, it's all over town. Prennel's spread it. We're goin' right away. . . . The sheriff's barkin' up the wrong tree. . . . We'll let you know when we get 'im. . . . Good-bye."

CUTNEY went to the bedroom, brushing aside a terrified and palpitating Genevieve. . . . The beast deserved it. Such brutes should be crushed to pulp. He imagined keen tortures.

His wife's movements interrupted his enjoyment. Her hands were grip-

ping the blanket. Her head rolled slightly to one side on the pillow.

"Oh, Tom. . . . Oh, Tom," she murmured.

The voice puzzled Cutney. There was not terror in it, nor tears, nor horror. There was sadness, melancholy. What was the heavily breathed aspirate quality of it? A sort of eagerness, mingled with pain? Bosh! it was fright, terror, worn a little thin and strange by exhaustion . . . The damned dirty nigger. Poor Marion!

She was awaking. Cutney called Prennel over the telephone. And, while he waited, he re-aligned his indictments, his exquisite, shining tortures, dismissed the insistent irrelevance of the voice's sound.

The doctor came just the telephone rang again. It was Ralleck. Tom was caught. The gang was near Layne's farmhouse. Would Cutney come immediately?

"Can I use your car, Doc?" he asked.

"Sure. I'll walk to town. The maid'll look after your wife."

As he drove, thoughts of revenge seemed to lose their relish. The sound of his wife's voice, that liquid murmur out of her unconsciousness, gnawed at him. He drove faster and faster, away from the voice. He tried concentrating his mind on profanity, but to no avail. The voice followed.

In twenty minutes he saw the crowd, lapping over into the road. Ralleck, a burly fellow, ran toward him as the brakes slowed down the car.

"We couldn't wait," he was saying. "The damned skunk insulted your wife—so we strung him up right away. There ain't a kick left in him."

Cutney looked up to where Ralleck pointed. Tom dangled from an oak branch, limp, his fine uprightness gone.

"Insulted my wife, did he?" he muttered.

"Yeh — we know no white woman—"

"Thanks, boys," Cutney interrupted hastily, and turning his car into Layne's roadway, he backed into the road and left. . . .

The Little Page 317

(*Continued from page* 299)

has flourished for years and years."

"Pardon me. But listen. I hear the children coming, the children of the house to which our garden plot belongs. Do you hear them? They will soon be running down this slope to play. I want you to watch them."

Little Rose held herself very still.

"Look!" whispered Gladiolus as six merry boys and girls danced down the hill toward the flower beds. "The children of the house and their friends."

"But what of that?" inquired Little Rose.

"Some of them are golden colored and some of them are black. Some are blonde. Some are dark brown. Some are light brown."

"Yes?" My Little Rose waited.

"That, My little Rose, is why I love them. Their foreparents were brought from Africa. So were ours. They are of many colors. So are we. Are they not the Gladioli? Will you bow to them, My Little Rose? Will you bow to them?"

The Poet's Corner

(*Continued from page* 300)

Did I carp when you created beautiful curls,
Becoming curls, to deck your Marcian Bob?
Or of the Bob itself?
Or of how you smiled to hear me sing
Of how Malindy sings?
Or when you required of me the sad songs of my fathers?
Or when your body lilted to the sway of new folk music?
And your nimble feet tangled in the double-quick movement of my body-wriggling, syncopated dance?
Did I charge that you were aping me?
(Why should I
Or why should anyone?)
I only thought that you were questing Beauty.

Oh friend let's be kind to one another!
Let us be mutual teachers,
Mutually questing El Dorado;
Lovely Arcady;
Those are wonderful Hands that fashioned us!
Handle those cosmetics softly;
I would more beautify these curls,
This skin;
Would refine this brain.
Oh chide me not if I met Keats and Poe,
If I met Keats and Poe—
And love them!

Along the Color Line

(*Continued from page* 309)

delegates on the special trains were pessimistic as to the kind of hotel that could be built in so short a time. The astonishment and admiration was unbounded when June 27th they were ushered into a new hotel with 100 rooms and sixty private baths, a patio and foyer with mezzanine writing room, elevators and dining room with balcony seating three hundred persons.

¶ The hotel is four stories in height, built of brick. It extends eighty-five feet on Central Avenue and 120 feet on 41st Street, with a wide alley in the rear. On the ground floor there is a drug store, beauty shop, flower shop, ladies and gentlemen's Ready-to-

Wear store, barber, tailor, and coffee shops. The kitchen is completely furnished with electric dishwasher and icebox, ranges and all modern conveniences. Chambermaids, waitresses and bellboys are in uniform. The rooms are furnished with telephones and the grill, balconies and stairways have wrought iron railings.

¶ The whole hotel is beautifully carpeted and furnished with specially built furniture, including curtains and wall frescoes. On the second floor there is a house physician, real estate office and a Unity reading room. The approximate cost of the hotel was $250,000, of which over $35,000 represents furnishings. The rooms all have running hot and cold water and steam heat.

¶ Dr. Somerville undertook this hotel as an individual venture, after he was unable to interest others in a corporation. One of the largest banks of Los Angeles loaned him $100,000 when it heard of the project. He has finally been able to form a corporation and is now selling stock on the basis of an accomplished effort.

¶ Francis A. Gregory was graduated from the Case School of Applied Science with honor, standing fifth in a class of 170. During his course, he won scholarships and prizes.

¶ Miss Cheta McCard received her degree of Bachelor of Arts, *Cum Laude,* at Smith College last June.

¶ At the Tennessee A. and I. State College 32 graduates received the B. S. Degree.

¶ George W. Gore, Jr. received his degree of A. M. from the Harvard Graduate School of Education and has been appointed Dean of Tennessee A. and I. State College.

¶ The 25th Annual Meeting of the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools was held in Charleston, West Virginia in July. Among the speakers were the Governor of the State, Superintendent of Education, President of Howard University, Mrs. Alice Dunbar Nelson and Dr. C. G. Woodson. W. J. Hale of the Tennessee A. and I. State College presided and John W. Davis was elected President for the ensuing year.

¶ In the August CRISIS the pictures and names of Charles Gomillian and Martin Williams, and of R. T. Fletcher and Lionel Fraser were inadvertently transposed.

¶ Harrison Ferrell received his Ph. D. at Northwestern University in German last June. Mr. Ferrell is 27 years of age and is the youngest person to whom Northwestern has given this degree.

ENGLAND

¶ Marcus Garvey has established headquarters of the U. N. I. A. in the West Kensington District of London and has held a public meeting in Albert Hall.

¶ Nineteen Negro students under the Extension Division of Hampton Institute have visited London for five days on the Second Educational Tour of Europe. The party is to visit Holland, France and Belgium.

¶ The Reverend D. C. Davis reports that the English Baptists have penetrated fifteen hundred miles into the interior of Belgian Congo and have over thirty thousand children in their schools. There are 73 main mission stations and several hundreds smaller centers.

¶ Paul Robeson, beside his main dramatic work, has been singing at Drury Lane Theatre, accompanied by Lawrence Brown.

WEST AFRICA

¶ Nana Sir Ofori Atta, K. B. E., Omanhene of Akim Abuakwa, Gold Coast, West Africa, arrived in England June 15th with golden crown, wand of office and umbrella carrier. He visited a cricket match, toured London and the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. He laid a wreath at the Cenotaph and was invested with Knighthood by the King at Buckingham Palace, June 27th. He was shown the ships and the army and was entertained at luncheon by Sir Gordon Guggisberg. He then left for the Continent and returned to visit English provincial cities before leaving for Africa.

SOUTH AFRICA

¶ General Hertzog of the Union of South Africa is going to hold a national campaign attended by leaders of all the political parties under the presidency of the Chief Justice to settle the native question.

¶ The following Radiogram has been received from South Africa:

Crisis here among native trades union workers. Funds urgently required to save failure in important effort to better native conditions. Could you appeal to American brothers for Five Hundred Pounds. Have asked Chairman of Carnegie Trust to kindly give references and explain cause. Am writing.

ETHELREDA LEWIS,
Editor "Trader Horn"

EAST AFRICA

¶ The African War Memorial has been unveiled by Her Highness Marie Louise of Great Britain on Sixth Avenue, Nairobe, East Africa. In the center is a very important looking white officer, while on either side is an African carrier and an African soldier.

The Far Horizon

(*Continued from page* 310)

There is no section where greater effort is made to observe and to enforce observance of Sunday as a day of holiness.

There is no section where a larger percentage of the population frowns upon dancing, card playing and other "worldly" pleasures.

There is no section where whiskey and wine and beer are more bitterly denounced.

There is no section where the law and the public are more severe in condemnation of gambling.

These statements are made without intent to be oratorical. They are a grave and simple statement of fact.

And I speak from first-hand knowledge, for I have lived in Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Nebraska, California, Washington, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, North Carolina and Georgia, and have spent a little time in several other States.

This section of the country, as I say, sets up high standards of righteousness, piety, chivalry and honor, and because its blood is hot it is quick to resent any criticism of its imperfections.

And yet I know of no other section that has so little reason to boast.

There is no other section where so large a percentage of the male population will lie to make a dollar.

There is no other section where so many men make debts they do not try to pay.

There is no other section where deadbeats and liars are accepted by society as a whole and treated as courteously as honorable men.

There is no other section where so many men make vulgar and insulting remarks about women, delights in filthy sex stories and abuse their wives.

There is no other section where men who think themselves chivalrous continue to treat women as inferiors who belong in the kitchen.

There is no other section where men who boast of being gentlemen are so abysmally ignorant of the qualities required in the making of a gentleman.

There is no other section where church membership and professed Christianity leave men so free to practice the immoralities frowned upon by all churches.

There is no other section where church people, while professing to believe the use of intoxicants sinful, consume so much moonshine whiskey.

There is no other section where so many people who denounce dancing and card playing stoop to lying, cheating, slandering and stealing.

There is no other section where so many church people frown on gambling and yet gain and lose money in gambling in cotton futures.

There is, in short, no other section of the United States where so large a percentage of the population is composed of self-righteous hypocrites.

COMMUNISTS

THE WORKERS' (Communist) Party of America, through its executive committee in New York, has issued the following manifesto in the Negro problem.

The manifesto is the election campaign pronouncement of the Workers (Communist) Party on this important question. It contains the following demands, which are taken from the platform of the Workers (Communist) Party and which demands clearly indicate the position of the Party on the lynchings and on the Negro question:

1. A Federal law against lynching, and the protection of the Negro masses in their right of self-defense.

2. Abolition of the whole system of race discrimination. Full racial, political and social equality for the Negro race.

3. Abolition of all laws which result in segregation of Negroes. Abolition of all Jim-Crow laws. The law shall forbid all discrimination against Negroes in selling or renting houses.

4. Abolition of all laws which disfranchise the Negroes.

5. Abolition of laws forbidding intermarriage of persons of different races.

6. Abolition of all laws and public administration measures which prohibit, or in practice prevent, Negro children or youth from attending general public schools or universities.

7. Full and equal admittance of Negroes to all railway station waiting rooms, restaurants, hotels, and theaters.

8. Abolition of discriminatory practices in courts against Negroes. No discrimination in jury service.

9. Abolition of the convict lease system and of the chain gang.

10. Abolition of all Jim-Crow distinctions in the army, navy and civil service.

11. Immediate removal of all restrictions in all trade unions against the membership of the Negro workers.

12. Equal opportunity for employment, wages, hours and working conditions for Negro workers and white workers. Equal pay for equal work for Negro and white workers.

The manifesto clearly states the position of the Democratic and Republican Parties in their attitude towards lynching and comes to the conclusion that these two parties are not opposed to the lynching system but instead support it. It also points out that the candidates of the Republican and Democratic Parties, Hoover and Smith, are both more interested in maintaining the lynching system than in fighting it. In addition, it exposes the role of the Socialist Party on the Negro question, particularly its support of the segregation process as far as the Party itself is concerned, its support of the opposition to the organization of Negro workers by Mr. Green and other officials of the American Federation of Labor, and the fact that the Socialist Party does not oppose the role of Randolph, the leader of the Negro porters, in coming out for the support

of Governor Smith, who is the candidate of the Party of the Southern lynchocrats.

AMERICA AND SOUTH AFRICA

WILLIAM EVELEIGH contrasts the Negro problems of America and South Africa in the *London Quarterly Review*:

The two countries present some arresting contrasts so far as the political aspects of the situation are concerned. At the present time natives in the Cape Province enjoy franchise rights on equal terms with Europeans, and in eight or ten constituencies they hold the balance of power. Altogether there are about 14,000 native voters. In Natal, natives are entitled to a franchise, but it is so hedged about with conditions that there are but one or two persons really eligible. In the Transvaal and the Orange Free State all natives are by law excluded from the franchise.

In America, by the rights given to them in the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, the Negroes are entitled to all the rights of other American citizens. In practice, however, they are not able to exercise those rights. The Southern States have adopted constitutional amendments that have restricted the Negro vote with the ultimate result that the Negro has been ruled out as a political factor. Where the weapons of State law have not been available, the methods of intimidation have been used with considerable force. In the South to-day, though the number of qualified Negro voters is steadily increasing, the Negro's share in the government is very limited indeed. In the North, however, he is able to exercise his franchise right, and in many States he is becoming an important factor in political life. All the signs go to indicate his larger participation in the government, in every phase of political life.

But what do we find in South Africa? Here the state of public opinion is such that there is little hope of extending the Cape system—"equal rights for all civilized men"—to the other provinces. The fear of submersion is too strong The Prime Minister, General Hertzog, advocates the abolition of the Cape franchise, the direct representation of natives in Parliament by seven special European members elected by the native community constituencies, and the provision of a Council system of parallel institutions possessing legislative or quasi-legislative powers over all the country, with the apex of the scheme a Union Native Council of fifty members with full advisory powers and also limited legislative powers. This is an indication that South Africa is prepared to make a bold political experiment rather than admit even the more advanced natives to suffrage rights. However, the natives who are able to express themselves protest unanimously against the abolition of the Cape franchise, and in their attitude they are

supported by a section of the white population.

But white South African opinion would appear to be moving in the direction of a policy of differential development with a system of parallel institutions, whereby the native may be assigned a share in his own governmental schemes by means of Native Councils, and thus be assisted in the difficult transition from patriarchal rule to popular self-government by an evolutionary process and not by a revolutionary coup. This policy is expounded by Professor E. H. Brookes in the able and illuminating volume *History of Native Policy in South Africa.*

The small body of liberal opinion that favours equal suffrage rights for the black, white, and coloured is limited in size and is likely to remain so for some time to come.

Postscript

(*Continued from page* 312)

KRIGWA, 1928

IN the last six numbers of THE CRISIS, we have announced two sets of prizes for 1928. *First* the Charles Waddell Chesnutt Honorarium. These are prizes of $25, $15, and $10 awarded each month for articles and drawings published in THE CRISIS magazine. Prizes for April, May, June and July have been awarded. For the August number we are pleased to announce the following prizes:

First Prize. Cover. An oil painting, by Hale Woodruff $25.00
Second Prize. An article. "Our Negro 'Intellectuals'", by Allison Davis $15.00
Third Prize. Group of Haitian Poems, by Clement Wood.$10.00

Second, Economic Prizes offered by 5 Negro banks and 7 Negro insurance societies as follows:

One First Prize	$200.
One Second Prize	150.
One Third Prize	100.
Two Fourth Prizes	50. each
Eight Prizes for Honorable Mention	25. each
A total of	$750.

Entries for these prizes close December 31, 1928, and the awards will be announced in the early spring of 1929.

We are laying down as few specific rules as possible for these entries. They may be stories, essays, sketches, experiences or even poems; but they must deal with the economic life and history of the Negro—his work, income, business, organization, etc. They must be clear, informing, and of reasonable length for publication in THE CRISIS; they must indicate sound knowledge and careful work.

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This chart was compiled from information furnished by U. S. Government Census reports of 1924.

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